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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

I heard the long roar and surge of History, wave after wave—as of the never-ending surf along the immense coast-line of West Africa.

I heard the world-old cry of the down-trodden and outcast: I saw them advancing always to victory.

I saw the red light from the guns of established order and precedent—the lines of defiance and the bodies of the besiegers rolling in dust and blood—yet more and ever more behind!

And high over the inmost citadel I saw magnificent, and beckoning ever to the besiegers, and the defenders ever inspiring, the cause of all that never ending war—The form of Freedom stand.

—EDWARD CARPENTER.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1912. NUMBER 25.

"Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No, true freedom is to share
All the claims our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free."

—*Lowell.*

What startling things are these photographs of the inside of the crater of Vesuvius, reproduced in the *Literary Digest* of August 3rd! Perhaps human daring and human science will find their way into the interior of other sulphurous realms, thereby preparing the way for a better understanding, and a possible regeneration, of even the infernal regions.

The "Court of Rehabilitation" is the latest phase in current sociology, the purport of which is perhaps most clearly set forth in the short editorial in the *Survey* of July 27th. It takes a judge and jury to deprive a man of liberty. The next thing to do is to find a judge and jury competent to pass on the more difficult problems involved in the restoration of a man to his liberty. Poetry, romance and court sentences have had much to say of "ruined characters." There is much to be said of the reconstruction of character. The soul has recuperative power. Ministers of all schools have always maintained this. Legislators and courts are beginning to take notice of this truth.

The present excitement in the rubber trade may well serve as a parable that will apply to many of the ills, perplexities, and hardships of life. Modern science has found great uses for the rubber products, the automobile business alone having demoralized the trade. The rubber tree is a slow-growing plant and tropical in its habitat. Men of money rushed into the rubber tree business but men of brains said: "Why not make rubber without bothering the tree?" And lo! and behold! here is a promise of a "synthetic" rubber, made of potatoes, fusil oil, alcohol and some other things less comprehensible to the lay mind, that promises to put the tree out of business. Science has not yet exhausted itself. May we not hope to have butter without milk, beef without the ox, cotton without the cotton plant, as now we have lead pencils without lead, pearl buttons without pearl, beautiful diamonds that have never been mined, and perhaps "synthetic" political speeches and "synthetic" poetry; i. e., sermons, speeches and poetry that are composite products that are not the product of any one brain, the result of the cogitations of any one mind.

And now we have to read that Andrew Lang is dead. The man who lured so many of us into the realm of folk-lore, anthropology and the unclassified interests of current politics. So varied were his talents that the *New York Evening Post* quoted by the *Literary Digest,* says that: "He was not a man but a syndicate." How gladly we release him from the obligation of writing one great book or mastering one subject, so long as it can be said of him in the *New York Tribune* as quoted by the same journal, "He had heaps of humor and no self-conceit." "His was just a loving and humane interest in life and letters." "Although he wrote more than half a hundred books, he was never at odds with the world, never in bad humor." May the Twentieth century give us more Andrew Langs than the Nineteenth. Farewell! good friend. We will continue to fondle your books with affectionate tenderness. You, who on so many lines touched our ignorance with unrest, and coaxed the indolent mind into unvisited paths.

What the *Literary Digest* calls "a financial blow" has come to the downtown Protestant churches in New York City. The increased value of real estate produced by the subway construction, according to the *Christian Intelligencer,* has rendered it impossible for any but the richest churches to keep possession of their downtown city property. Among the long list of churches advertised for sale on this account we find All Souls Church, the Unitarian Church with such an heroic memory, over which the eloquent, magnetic Dr. Bellows presided during the war, within whose walls the great and benignant Sanitary Commission was organized. We still have hopes that under the prophetic lead of the present pastor, the Rev. Thomas Slicer, in some way All Souls Church will hold its ground, so rich in traditions, so potent in present efficiency, and so much needed for the future. Here is a chance for a brave stroke in architecture. Why not accept the sky-scraping tendency,—as a necessity of the day, and compel the same to serve the cause

of religion as well as of trade. Let the lower stories be given to business, as many stories as are necessary to offices, to trade, to commerce, to the money-making professions, but way up there in the clear sunlight, above the smoke, above the dollar-line, the twenty-third story if necessary, let this sky-scraping building of All Souls Church bloom into cathedral glory, let there be a great Unitarian minster up there on the sky-line. The banks of elevators, necessary for the life of business during week-days, will be comparatively idle on Sundays and ready to serve the congregation who will pour in along the familiar routes of trade from all the suburbs, following the well-worn paths of habit, consequently the lines of least resistance. How quiet it will be up there! How accessible! What a place for music and how convenient for the band of busy workers who seven days in the week are doing gospel work, who are at their "Father's business." Here is a great chance for high initiative on the part of architect, minister, and church congregation. Perhaps that is the solution of the downtown church problem. Perhaps this is the way to meet the hitherto unanswerable question of how to raise the money to maintain a downtown church. Try it, Brother Slicer.

Politics Still Beyond the Politician

There has been another "great" Convention and now there are three "great" political parties, three "glorious" platforms, ample in size, redundant in rhetoric, all of them splendid in promises, and taken on their face value are very much akin. All three of the platforms try to face the future, to win the confidence of the courageous and the progressive, all of them try to deserve the vote of the independent, and by the same token it is safe to say that either one of the three platforms lived up to, realized to the letter of its promise, would put the United States far beyond its present attainment, and well along on the road that leads to true Democracy.

We believe that the three standard bearers have been lifted by their own platforms, and for the time being, at least, are sustained on high levels by their own rhetoric. These three truly hopeful platforms are embowered, if not obscured by lengthy "deliverances," "confessions of faith," "acceptation addresses," etc., etc. The last platform adjusted, claims exceptional virtue for containing only nine thousand words. O! for one week of the crisp, concise, self-suppressing, convincing utterances of Abraham Lincoln as a relief from this turgid tide of printer's ink.

It goes without the saying that the last platform is the most courageous; it embodies the greatest number of radical suggestions and progressive ideas. Such, at least UNITY deems them.

We rejoice in the birth of a third party under whatever conditions, or with whatever contentions, for a third party will shake loose many honest men from the tyranny of tradition, the purblindness induced by partisan loyalties and the mental hampering that comes from party prejudices and antipathies.

We are glad of a third party under any conditions. It will help the American people as a whole to find themselves, and the American voter as an individual, to search his own soul more effectively. But a party that is to live must be born out of a degree of originality and a large degree of impersonality. It cannot be made out of the odds and ends of current reforms, issues and contentions. Whatever is most excellent and characteristic in the new platform is not novel. We cannot well understand how it can be claimed that they appear for the first time in political platforms. The contentions of this platform have been beaten to the clear long before the Chicago Convention, in the assemblies of the Socialists, the Single taxers, Labor party, Temperance parties, and the various organizations that have espoused the woman's cause; particularly have they been beaten to the clear on the stump during the last twelve years by the great political innovators, initiators, and real leaders of progressive politicians, W. J. Bryan and Robert M. La-Follette. The cartoonist who represented Bryan and Debs in swimming, with Roosevelt making off with their clothes, saying: "I need them in my business," struck an historical truth of much significance.

And still there are large political issues, profound civic problems, beyond the reach of the last most courageous of the platforms. The politics in which UNITY is most profoundly interested are still beyond these expressions of politicians.

To our thinking, there are four great, fundamental, supreme, ethical, problems, confronting the American people today, and no prosperity, justice, freedom, or progress, can come in any great degree to the Republic until these questions are honestly faced by the political parties and the politicians, as the fundamental conditions not only of national prosperity but by national life itself. These four are the Drink question, the Race question, the Woman question and the Curse of War, the problem of disarmament and of International Peace. Out of these four, the primal and fundamental problems, the settling of which will alone determine the well-being of the nation, only one has been frankly, heroically, and let us hope, honestly met by the Old leader of the New party, and that is the Woman Suffrage question. We hope that the rank and file of the new party and its leaders will accept their own declaration with the same sincerity, intensity and moral conviction, as it is held by the women through whose influence the plank was incorporated.

The liquor question, as might be expected, was wholly ignored. No national political leader has yet felt himself called to sincerely grapple with it as an issue in politics. No party—outside the temperance parties themselves, cares to lock horns with the tremendous combinations of the beer and whiskey industries, and still the breweries and the distilleries precipitate a terrible proportion of the crimes, criminals, debaucheries, degradations and bankruptcies of our country. Academically this proposition is admitted on every side but the politicians, even these latest, have ignored it.

What the attitude of the new party is towards the profoundly imperative Race problem is not yet clear. It is a matter of dispute. It is claimed that there was no flinching of issue here, no evading of responsibility. Let us hope it is so. Perhaps we do not understand either the platform or its interpreter in this matter. Be that as it may, it is too late in the day now to try to retire the Race question from national politics and to relegate the negro, his interests and his destiny to the arbitrament of state organizations. The great statesman and prophet, Abraham Lincoln, tried hard to leave it there. The Republican party, born out of this strain, tried to keep it there. But the shot fired at Sumter shattered that hope and demolished that claim forever. The awful price paid for the recognition of the human element beneath the black skin and the sacred amendments to the Constitution that sprung herefrom, carry their solemn obligations to the very heart of the nation, and if any party hopes to win their way into power by the elimination of the fundamental rights of the children of slaves, the victims of slavery, many of them testifying to the degradation of the white man rather than the inferiority of the black man, it is a compromise with evil. Its triumphs will be short-lived and it is doomed to an early death at its birth.

The third great overshadowing problem is the problem of international peace, and a "progressive party" that mouths the outgrown rhetoric of violence, affects to serve peace by the multiplication of armament, and would stain the most brilliant achievement of modern engineering by lining the banks of the Panama Canal with guns, has lost the confidence of the true social philosopher and forfeited the confidence of those who believe that the time has come now to quit the awful waste of battleships, to suppress the survival of the brute in primitive man that delights in gunpowder, battleships and cannon, which, however ennobled by science, are still but the prolongations of the fang, the horn, the tusk and the hoof.

Here then abide three great issues of civilization still outside of any or all of the three "great" parties. The question of sobriety, how to reduce the accursed traffic in intoxicants, the question of the brotherhood of the colored man and how to eliminate the barbarities of lynching parties, the civic indignities of the "grandfather clauses," the studied disfranchisement of intelligent, law-abiding negroes, and as studied protection of the franchise privilege of ignorant and vicious white men, and how to arouse the nations to stop the foolish waste of money by our nation that is protected by the conditions of nature, and the circumstances of human nature from any danger from foreign foes unless it itself flagrantly violates the fundamental ethics of the Christianity it professes, are questions still beyond the pale of the three parties and they still call for more independency, more protest, more careful discrimination; they force upon the conscientious voter the responsibility of selection. Still the hope of the nation lies with its noble army of "scratchers," the increase of which is the hope of the country.

Honesty, Cheerfulness, and Kindness

I am sure in my past preaching I put too much stress upon self-sacrifice, indefatigable devotion and entire consecration to God, and did not see that religion consisted in those common but infinitely potent qualities, honesty, cheerfulness and kindness. These qualities come like those revelations of the spring and summer, just as the sunrise tints the eastern hills—the wind loaded with the perfumes of the flowers, the tender songs of the birds, and the golden-green tracery on sword and branch.

I would teach that in rectifying the sad and unjust conditions in which one may be placed he need not be unhappy and impatient, and, at last, descend into a common scold.

Even though one may not be able to accept this or that creed, or rise to great and uncommon heroism or devotion in his simple life and aspirations, he may be deeply religious. And more, though feeling intensely the literary beauty and tenderness of the 23rd Psalm, he has difficulty in accepting the naive belief that the powers which built yonder palaces of the stars is a personal One who cares for each individual, and will lead him along jewelled shores kissed by the whispering waves; he may believe there is a place, there always will be a place, and indeed a supreme place for religion.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

INTEGRITY.

One thing, be thou only one thing, of the issue defiant
When thou hast decided.
Dwarf deeds are the fruit of the power of the veriest giant,
So the aim be divided,
Choose now: thy decision we wait, who too long has delayed it.
Which of twain has thy voice?
Take kernel or shell, joy or struggle—but when thou hast made it,
Be contented with thy choice.
There was one in Life's River went seeking for pearls: for another
Froth of pearls was enow.
So soon did it vanish? A truce to complaining, my brother,
Who chose it but thou?

—*Count Carl Snoilsky.*

THE PULPIT

A Sunday in Florence With Dante, Savonarola, the Brownings and Theodore Parker,

By Rev. J. T. Sunderland.

Perhaps no city of Italy has such a charm as Florence. In the following paper I wish to tell the story of a memorable day. My sojourn in this picturesque and historic city at the foot of the Appenines (fittingly called *Firenze la Bella*—Florence the Beautiful) was a week in duration, all of whose days were spent in delightful walks and drives, and in visits to art galleries and historic places. But one day, Sunday, stands out from the rest as peculiarly impressive—a sort of "red letter day" in my past. Possibly the story of it may interest others.

First, a few words as to geography and history.

Florence is situated about 125 miles northeast of Rome, on both sides of the lovely river Arno. It is perhaps one-third as large as Rome, having somewhat more than 200,000 population. Of course it possesses no such historic grandeur as Rome. Rome goes back six or seven centuries beyond the beginning of the Christian Era, and during much of its history has been, more than any other city, a world capital. Though the town had its beginning in old Roman times, it did not become a city of much importance until perhaps the 10th century. But from that time on, its importance increased, until in the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th centuries it became one of the first cities of Italy in political influence, and one of the first in Europe in wealth and especially in art and literature.

It early became a republic. There were no kings to hold the people in bondage and to rob them of their rights and their earnings. The nobles were not allowed to tyrannize over the rest. The tax-paying people themselves ruled. Under such conditions of liberty the city pushed to the front in a marvelous way, in education, in intelligence, in industry, in manufacture, in commerce, and in the fine arts. Not until the 16th century was there a change. In that century, through the usurpation of power by the wealthy Medici family, Florence lost much of her liberty, and with her liberty much of her pre-eminence. And yet, even amid all the tyrannies to which she has been subjected since, sometimes by home and sometimes by foreign rulers, the spirit of independence and free thought which kept her a republic so long, and which gave her her industrial, commercial and intellectual eminence, has never died out. To-day there is perhaps no place in Italy where more of the spirit of freedom is to be found than in Florence.

Florence is remarkably attractive to the traveler. Of course this is partly because of its wealth of art—the noble architecture of its palaces and public buildings, and the painting and sculpture found everywhere, especially in its matchless Pitti and Uffizi galleries. Lovers of art the world over look with longing to the time when they may be permitted to see and study these art treasures.

There is a second reason for the city's attractiveness. It is because its surroundings are so picturesque, and because it is itself so fine, entirely aside from what its sculptors and painters have done for it. Florence is a clean and well-regulated city. It has a great number of parks and gardens. The river Arno, flowing through it, is kept clean and sweet; on either side are attractive houses, good streets, boulevards, walks and parks, and the river is made a feature of great beauty in the city, as the Seine is in Paris, and as a river or other body of water ought to be in every city. The surroundings of Florence, too, are all that could be asked, whether for walking, for driving, or for sight-seeing. The valley of the Arno above and below the city is a perfect garden of beauty and fertility. Fine hills are in sight on every side, some of them rising to the altitude of mountains. The city itself stretches up from the valley far onto the hills, many of which are crowned with costly residences and splendid gardens. From these hills the views which one gets over the city, the river valley, and the picturesque country, are magnificent.

In Rome one feels shut in. One has no such feeling in Florence. Rome seems gloomy; Florence seems bright and cheerful. In Rome you are crowded and over-run with monks and ecclesiastics; the Roman Catholic Church seems to overshadow everything. In Florence, though the people are generally Catholics, at least nominally, yet the church is not obtrusive. In Florence a few minutes in any direction takes you into the country, into the midst of fields, gardens, vineyards, hills; birds, flowers, trees; and under skies as fine as there are in the world. In Rome the country is not easily reached, and when you do reach it, it is that dreary campagna, which repels rather than attracts or satisfies. Above all, in Florence one feels a little more of the spirit of liberty than anywhere else in Italy.

It is true that everywhere in Italy there is now a change for the better, even in Rome. Since Mazzini, Cavour, Garabaldi and Victor Emmanuel brought together the long dissevered fragments of a state and gave the world a united Italy, a new spirit of freedom, progress and hope, and with these new industrial, literary and art activity have begun to manifest themselves everywhere, and perhaps nowhere more than in Florence.

The glory of Florence is her literature and her art. Dante, Petrarch, Alfieri and Baccaccio—the greatest names of Italian literature—are all closely associated with Florence.

In art she is still greater. It was Florence that took the lead in that wonderful art movement, from the 13th to the 16th centuries, which placed Italy at the head of the art world. Rome was distinctly second as an art creator to the beautiful city on the Arno.

In architecture, the style of building known as the Italian Renaissance, the most distinctive and the noblest architectural style that has come into existence in Europe since the Gothic, may be said to have been born in Florence.

In painting, too, the famous Tuscan School, in which Italian painting reached its culmination, was born and ran its most important career in Florence. Florence gave to the world both Michael Angelo

and Leonardo de Vinci. And although Raphael was not born here, it was here that he learned much of his art, and here that he did much of his best work. Of artists ranking only a little below these supreme three, Florence produced many—Giotto, Ghiberti, Donatello, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, and a host of others—whose paintings and whose works of sculpture make that city perhaps the richest treasure house of art in the world.

It is in such a city that I have invited my readers to spend with me a Sunday.

To what places shall we go? First of all let us go to the Duomo to attend high mass. What is the Duomo? It is the popular name for the great cathedral of Florence—the cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. The edifice was built early in the 14th century, when Florentine art was just beginning to rise into splendor. Those who planned it said, "Let us build the loftiest and most sumptuous edifice for religious worship that human invention can devise or human labor execute." The famous Giotto was employed as the architect. The building is very large. Its three most striking features, as one sees it from the outside, are: Its great dome, after which Michael Angelo patterned the still larger and more magnificent dome of St. Peter's in Rome; its front facade, which is rich in sculptured marble, and its campanile tower, popularly known as "Giotto's tower," which is justly reckoned one of the most graceful and perfect structures of the kind in the world. If you are like me you will want to stand and look long at this thing of wondrous beauty. While we are looking let us read Longfellow's description of it:

> In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
> The lily of Florence blossoming in stone—
> A vision, a delight and a desire—
> The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
> That in the night of ages bloomed alone.

Yes, it is just that, all that. One does not see how the human mind could conceive a structure of nobler grace.

Before we enter the cathedral let us notice a striking building standing just opposite the main front entrance. It is the famous Baptistry of Florence. This Baptistry almost rivals in beauty the glorious cathedral tower. Here are those richly sculptured bronze doors wrought by the great artist Ghiberti, of which Michael Angelo said, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise." This Baptistry is interesting not only for its beauty, but also because it is the custom of all the people of Florence to bring their children here to be baptized.

Let us now enter the great cathedral. The interior is not so rich as the exterior; indeed, it strikes one as severely plain and bare. The color of the pillars and arches is a uniform brown. There is almost no bright color except what comes from the rich stained glass in the tall but narrow windows. But the room is very large, and has a simple impressiveness of its own kind.

The congregation has gathered for worship, but it fills only a corner of the great area. The service has begun. We listen to the priest and the large choir of men and boys and try to join in the worship. But in spite of all our effort our thoughts fly away, not from the place, but far into the past, to a time almost 400 years ago, when this room witnessed some great and historic events. It was here that Savonarola delivered those marvelous sermons that rocked Florence, and we may almost say Italy, as an earthquake rocks the solid land. Says an old Italian chronicler, describing the effects of Savonarola's preaching:

"The people got up in the middle of the night to get places for the sermon, and came to the door of the cathedral, waiting outside until it should be opened, making no account of any inconvenience, neither of the cold, nor the wind, nor of standing in winter with their feet on the marble; and among them were young and old, women and children, of every sort, who came with such jubilee and rejoicing that it was bewildering to hear them, going to the sermon as to a wedding. Then the silence was great in the church, each one going to his place; and he who could read, with a taper in his hand read the service and other prayers. And though many thousand people were thus collected together, no sound was to be heard, nor even a 'hush,' until the arrival of the children, who sang hymns with such sweetness that heaven seemed to have opened. Thus they waited three or four hours till the Padre (Savonarola) entered the pulpit; and the attention of so great a mass of people, all with eyes and ears intent upon the pulpit was wonderful; they listened so, that when the sermon reached its end it seemed to them that it had scarcely begun."

Who was Savonarola, and what was the meaning of his mighty pulpit messages?

Savonarola lived in the days when Florence's great wealth was corrupting the city's public life. As a result of this corruption the liberties of the people were beginning to be stolen away. Even the church was corrupt, and instead of aiding the people, it lent its help to their oppressors. Savonarola was a monk, at first little known. The church with which he was connected was San Marco. He was a conscientious, earnest, God-fearing man, with a nature much like that of Luther. The corrupt conditions of the city and the church greatly stirred him. He saw the need of a moral reformation, and believed that the judgments of heaven would fall upon the church and the city unless they renounced their wickedness and turned to God. This he preached, and with ever-increasing emphasis and fervor. The result was, his congregation at San Marco grew until that church would not contain them. His fame spread. The whole city began to wake up to the truth and importance of his message. Then it was that the great cathedral was opened to him, and he began those mighty sermons of warning, exhortation and denunciation of wrong, which made him for a time the most powerful influence in the city, and which bade fair to result in a moral reformation deep and wide and lasting.

The pulpit from which Savonarola delivered his fiery messages is gone; and yet yonder he must have stood. These very ceilings and arches above our heads echoed to his voice. Here gathered the throngs that hung on his impassioned lips. Is it any wonder that with the picture of all this in our minds, we find it difficult to join in the tame and

formal service that is going on before us? But, though what the officiating priest has been saying and doing, and what the choir has been singing, have affected us little, yet what an hour this has been—here in the Duomo of Florence with Savonarola! Savonarola, the Luther of Italy! Savonarola, the prophet of God!

There is not much else in the cathedral to see; and so when the service is over we go out; but we go slowly as from a great experience.

Now we take a carriage and drive. First we proceed to the house where Michael Angelo was born. The place has been turned into a museum, and contains a considerable number of the great artists' drawings, particularly of the military fortifications which he planned; and some of his paintings and early works in marble.

From here we go to the house pointed out as the birthplace of Dante. We do not enter, but there is some interest in driving to the spot where so great a man first saw the light. To have given birth to two such men as the painter of of the Last Judgment and the author of the Divine Comedy is itself enough to make a city famous, even if it had never done anything else.

After leaving Dante's house we drive along the Via Bardi, to see if we can tell which house it was that Romola lived in—Romola, that character created by George Eliot but made by her to be forever as much a part of the Florence of Savonarola and of Lorenzo de Medici as the citizens themselves.

Next we make our way to the Casa Guidi house which was so long the home of the Brownings. To all lovers of poetry, indeed to all English speaking persons who visit Florence, this house will always be an interesting, almost a sacred place; for where else did ever two such noble and illustrious souls live together a life so ideal, so almost idyllic, united in a marriage union so perfect? Mrs. Browning was only turning into verse the life of beautiful wifely affection which she was living in this sweet home, when she wrote in her Portuguese sonnets:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee freely as men strive for right,
I love thee purely as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

Does any one believe that such a love as that can perish with death?

Florence has its Westminster Abbey; it is the Church of Santa Croce. We must go there even if it be for only half an hour. The building is large but plain. Here lie the ashes of many of the city's most distinguished sons, among them Michael Angelo, than whom the history of art has produced no greater name; Alfieri, the creator of the Italian higher drama; Machiavelli, the brilliant statesman and writer, whose brilliancy, unguided by moral principle, has been a curse to Florence and Italy; and Gallileo, whose name in the records of the world's science, stands beside those of Aristotle, Copernicus, Newton and Darwin.

The people of Florence have erected here two monuments to Dante, one inside the church and one outside. They have tried to get his body and bring bring it here from Ravenna, but without success. None of all her sons does Florence now hold in higher honor than the great poet whom she banished, who spent his life a homeless wanderer, and who died lonely and well-nigh heart-broken in a foreign city. The story of Dante's banishment is inexpressibly touching and sad. But the city that gave him birth and that he so deeply loved has done all in its power to atone for the wrong she did him.

We have been to the Duomo, and there have seen the great reformer Savonarola in the day of his influence and power. There is one place where we can come nearer still to the man. It is in the Church of San Marco, where I have already said he preached before he became famous, and the adjoining monastery where he lived. Thither let us turn our steps. Here there are many memorials of him. Near the end of one of the corridors of the monastery are the cells which he occupied. They are known as Savonarola's cells. In these cells are an excellent picture of him by Fra Bartolommeo, a bust by Dupré, a writing desk (a perfect imitation of his own, the original having fallen to pieces), a volume of his sermons, a copy of his treatise against the "Trial by Fire," the wooden crucifix which he used in his private worship, the chair in which he was accustomed to sit, the hair shirt which he wore, and a fragment of wood from the pile on which he was burned. In these things we see, not the great orator swaying the crowd, but the man in his daily life, at his devotions, fighting out those mighty soul conflicts which made him the hero he was, and at last conquered by his enemies, deserted by the fickle multitude, turned against by the church which he would reform and the city he would save, and dragged away to a martyr's death.

The same city which banished her Dante burned her Savonarola. It would be hard to tell which to-day she honors most. Dante did not live in vain. The free Italy of to-day is his child. Savonarola did not die in vain. Though the reforms which he strove for were not immediately achieved in either church or state, yet his influence has been powerful against evil and for righteousness in Florence and Italy and all Christendom through all the 400 years since he testified to his sincerity by his death.

There is time to go to only one more place. It shall be the little Protestant cemetery, at the extreme east of the city near the old Pinti gate. The sun is going down in the west. What draws us to this quiet home of the dead? It well enough might be the graves of Walter Savage Landor and Arthur Hugh Clough, names that occupy no mean places on the roll of English letters. But no, there are still dearer ashes sleeping amid the greenery and the flowers. Here Mrs. Browning was laid to rest. And here our great and honored American Unitarian preacher, Theodore Parker, going away to foreign lands in search of that health which his strenu-

ous and mighty work at home had robbed him of, found a last resting place. As we enter the cemetery, we find it all that can be desired for quiet and loveliness. The monuments are modest and white, the walks are well kept and generally lined with hedges, while trees, vines and flowers turn it into a beautiful garden.

We come first to the grave of Mrs. Browning. The tomb is one of exquisite delicacy and beauty. It is of the purest white marble, and consists of a sarcophagus supported by six slender round columns with finely carved capitals. These rest upon a base slightly raised above the ground. No inscription is upon the tomb proper except Mrs. Browning's initials, "E. B. B.," with the simple figures, "1861," indicating the year of her death. On the front of the supported marble case there is carved in relief a beautiful profile of her head and face. On each end of the same is a lyre similarly carved, and at the back a lyre with a broken chain and a laurel wreath. Nothing more!

How often since that peaceful Sunday afternoon, as I have thought of that beautiful monument and of her whose dust sleeps beneath it, have her lines come to me:

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward on to souls afar,
Along the psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
'And giveth his beloved sleep.'

"His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

"O friends, dear friends—when shall it be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Only a few steps from where Mrs. Browning so sweetly sleeps, sleeps also Theodore Parker. By his grave is an upright marble slab, with a fine relief head of him whom it commemorates cut upon it, below which is this inscription:

Theodore Parker,
The Great American Preacher,
Born at Lexington, Massachusetts,
United States of America,
August 24th, 1810.
Died at Florence, Italy,
May 10th, 1860.
His name is engraved in marble,
His virtues in the hearts of
those he helped to free
from slavery and
superstition.

Lying on the grave we find a few withered flowers, doubtless placed there not long since by some appreciative fellow countryman; and a little American flag, now soiled and faded, stands among the blossoming violets.

I have brought with me two white roses. One I lay on the tomb of the poet, a symbol of her white soul! The other on the grave of the preacher, a fit symbol for him too, for was not his great and heroic soul as white as hers? I gather half a dozen green ivy leaves from a vine close by, and two or three smooth pebbles from the grave, as souvenirs, and turn away.

How pathetic it is to think of one who had loved his America with such a passionate love as that of Parker, and had given himself to her with such unselfish and noble service, finding a grave on a far-away continent! As Parker lay sick in Florence, near to death, only a shadow of his former self, Frances Power Cobbe, of London, a long-time friend, came to visit him. Taking her hand as she sat beside his bed, he said: "You must not think you have seen me. This is not me; it is only the wreck of the man I was." Another day as she sat beside him he whispered: "I have something to say to you. There are two Theodore Parkers. One is dying here in Italy. The other I have planted in America. That one will live and finish my work." It was true. Only the mortal Parker sleeps in that Protestant cemetery of Florence. There is an immortal Parker, who has taken up the work laid down by the great preacher of Boston, and will carry it forward until it is complete.

In the old days of the American Civil War men used to sing:

"John Brown's body lies moulding in the ground,
But his soul goes marching on."

Every great soul that has a work to do goes marching on. Nothing can hinder it. Theodore Parker's body may moulder in a foreign land, but the spirit which he has awakened in America will not die until that glorious gospel of character, of manhood, of spiritual freedom, of God's universal fatherhood, and man's universal brotherhood, which he preached, shall become the heritage of all America and all the world.

BREAD AND ROSES

As we come marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill-lofts gray
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing, "Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses."

As we come marching, marching, we battle, too, for men—
For they are women's children, and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes—
Hearts starve as well as bodies: Give us Bread, but give us Roses!

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient song of Bread;
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew—
Yes, it is Bread we fight for—but we fight for Roses too.

As we come marching, marching, we bring the Greater Days—
The rising of the women means the rising of the race—
No more the drudge and idler—ten that toil where one reposes—
But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses!

—James Oppenheim in the American Magazine.

Mrs. Fast and Peter Nord

By Selma Lagerlof.

Dedicated to Jenkin Lloyd Jones by the Translator, Axel Lundeberg.

IV.

The Lord Giveth the Word; great is the company of those that publish it. Psalm lxviii.

Behind the village the walls of the mountain rise perpendicularly towards the sky. But if you climb up the steep steps along the winding paths, slippery from the fallen needles of the firs, you will find that the mountain widens into a large undulating plateau. And up there you will see an enchanted forest.

The whole mountain plateau is covered with a forest of naked fir trees stripped of their needles, a forest that dies in spring and revives towards fall, a lifeless forest, that blossoms into new life and joy, when the other trees divest themselves of life's green dress, a forest that grows, no one knows how, that stands green in frost and brown and dry in the summer's dew.

It is a newly-planted forest. Young fir trees have been forced to take root in the crevices between the granite blocks. Like sharp wedges their tough roots have crawled into cracks and fissures. All went well for awhile. The young trees shot up like steeples, and the roots forced themselves vigorously into the granite. But at last they could get no farther, and then the forest became possessed of an ill-concealed fretfulness. It wanted to grow upwards, but deep in the ground at the same time.

Since its way downwards was closed, its life was hardly worth living. Every spring it was ready to throw off the burden of life in despair. The summer Edith's death was expected the young forest stood entirely brown. High above the flowery village one could see on the mountain ridge a sombre line of dying trees.

But not everything up there on the mountain top is dreariness and death struggle. As you walk there between the brown trunks and become melancholy and depressed almost to death, you catch a glimpse of green trees. You feel the fragrance of flowers, the song of birds fills your heart with rapture and expectation. Then you think of the castle in the sleeping forest and of the paradise of the myths surrounded by thorny jungles. And when you at last arrive at the greensward, at the fragrant flowers, at the singing birds, you find yourself in the secluded graveyard of the little village.

The abode of the dead is located in an earth-filled ravine on the mountain plateau. And there within the gray stone walls you find no trace of decay and your melancholy feeling ceases. The syringa-bushes stand at the gate bowed down under heavy clusters. Luxuriant linden trees and maples form a sky-high vault over the whole place. Jessamines and roses cover the consecrated ground with their friendly blossoms. Around huge, ancient tombstones cling vines of ivy and wintergreen.

There is a corner within these walls where the fir trees reach the height of shipmasts. Does it not seem that the young trees outside the walls ought to feel ashamed on seeing them? And there are hedges grown beyond the control of their keepers, blossoming and budding without any fear of knife or scissors.

The village has now another more modern burial place, too, which can be reached by the dead with less trouble. It was hard for them to get up here in winter time, when the steep mountain roads are covered with ice, and the steps slippery and closed by snowdrifts. The coffin creaked, the pallbearers panted, the old venerable parson leaned heavily on the organist and the grave-digger. Now no one need be buried up there unlesss he has requested it himself.

You find no beautiful graves there. Few are they who understand how to prepare an inviting resting place for the dead. But a fresh verdure spreads its peace and beauty over all of them. What a wonderful consolation does there not lie in the thought that they who rest there do so willingly! The living, who seek a refuge there after a day of hard work, walk as among friends. Have not they who slumber here, too, loved the tall trees and the sombre silence?

If a stranger happens to get up there, they do not tell him about death and bereavement, but they sit down on the huge granite block on the large graves of the old burgomasters and tell about Peter Nord, the country boy, and his love. That story seems to fit up here where death has lost its terror. The consecrated ground seems to rejoice over the privilege of having been permitted to be the theatre of awakening happiness and newborn life.

For it so happened that, when Peter Nord ran away from Halfvorson, he took refuge in the graveyard.

At first he ran towards the bridge across the river following the road to the great manufacturing city. But on the bridge the poor runaway stopped. No regal garland around his forehead any more! It has disappeared as if spun away from sunrays. His head was drooping from sorrow, his whole body was shivering, his head ached, his brain was afire.

Then he met Mrs. Fast for the third time. She was much more friendly, much more merciful than before; but this made her appear so much more forbidding.

"Poor boy," she said, "now you ought to be through with your escapades at last! You desired to celebrate the feast of love during the season of fast called life; but you have met with defeat. Come now and be faithful to me. You now have tried everything and there is nothing but me left."

But he waved his arms to her in disgust. "I know what you want. You want to lead me to work and sacrifice, but I cannot follow you. Not now, Mrs. Fast, not now!"

An inviting smile fluttered over the sallow face of Mrs. Fast. "Aren't you innocent, Peter Nord ? Do not bend down in grief over sins you have not committed! Was not Edith good to you? Was is not plain that she has forgiven you? Follow me to your work! Live, as you have lived!"

The boy cried louder and louder: "Oh, why should I kill her, who was so good to me, her, who loved me? Tell me! Had it not been better, if I had murdered some one I intended to murder? I must make retribution. I must save her life. Now I cannot think of working."

"Oh, you fool," said Mrs. Fast, "the feast of atonement, which you intend to celebrate, is the greatest of all luxuries."

Then Peter Nord broke out in open revolt against his old-time friend. He straight out laughed her to scorn. "How you have fooled me!" he said. "I thought you were a tiresome and garrulous old woman with your hands full of harmless little twigs. But you are a witch, life. You are a monster, beautiful and awful at the same time! You know of no measure or limit, why then should I? How can you preach fast, you, who want to pour such heaping measure of sorrow over me? What are the feasts I have celebrated compared to the orgies in which you are constantly revelling? Get away with your austere temperance! Now, I want to be as gay as you."

Not a step could he take towards the great manufacturing city. Neither could he return to the village by the narrow street, but he wended his way up the mountain side, climbed up to the enchanted fir forest, and stalked around among the stiff young trees with their sharp needles, until a friendly path led him to the graveyard. There he sought a hiding place for himself in the corner, where the fir trees had reached the height of ship masts, and there he threw himself on the ground tired to death.

He was out of his senses. He knew not if time passed or if everything was at a standstill. But after a while steps were heard and he awoke to a dim consciousness. It seemed as if he had been away a very long time. Now he saw a funeral procession approaching, and all of a sudden a confused idea took possession of his wandering mind. How long had he been lying here? Was Edith already dead? Did she come to look for him here? Was the deceased one in the coffin hunting for her murderer? He shivered and perspired. He lay safely hidden in the shadow of the dense fir jungle; but he shuddered at the thought of what should have happened, if the corpse had found him. He turned a couple of branches aside and peeped out. No hunted fugitive could throw wilder glances after his pursuers.

It was a poor man's funeral. The mourners, too, were poor and few. No flower wreaths adorned the coffin that was lowered into the grave. No traces of tears could be seen in the eyes of the little crowd. Peter Nord had still enough of his reason left to understand that this could not be Edith Halfvorson's funeral.

But if it were not she herself, how could he know that it was not a greeting from her. Peter Nord felt that he had no right to flee. She had told him to go up to the graveyard. She probably meant for him to wait for her there to give her a chance to mete out the punishment due him. The funeral procession was a greeting, a portent, a message for him to wait there for her.

In his feverish imagination the low wall around the graveyard now rose high as a rampart. He stared anxiously towards the frail lattice gate; it looked like a most solid oak door. He was a captive here. Never could he get away from here, until she herself came up to take him to his just punishment.

What she intended to do with him he did not know. One thing only was plain and clear; he had to wait here till she called for him. Should she carry him with her in the grave? Should she command him to throw himself down the mountain precipice? He did not know; for a while yet he had to wait.

His reason fought a desperate battle. "Are you not innocent, Peter Nord? Do not feel sorry for what you have not done! You are guiltless! No messages has she sent you. Go down to your work! Lift your feet, and jump the fence, give the gate a push with a finger, and it will open!"

No, he could not. Momentarily he sank in a mist, in a doze. His thoughts became confused, as when a person is about to fall asleep. One thing only did he know. He had to stay where he was.

Strange news reached her where she lay fading away like the rootless birches. Peter Nord, with whom you have whiled away a summer day, walks in the graveyard waiting for you. Peter Nord, whom your uncle has frightened out of his senses, cannot leave the graveyard, until your flower covered coffin comes there to fetch him.

The girl opened her eyes as if to see the world once more. She sent for Peter Nord. She was angry over his crazy pranks. Why could she not be left to die in peace? She had never wished him to have any pangs of conscience for her sake.

The messenger returned without Peter Nord. He could not come. The wall was too high and the gate too strong. There was only one who could take him away from there.

Meanwhile they thought of nothing else in the little village. "He is still there; he still walks there," so they told one another every day. "Has he gone mad?" they often asked; and some who had met him answered that he was sure to do so, when "she" came. But they were very proud of this martyr of love, who lent increased glory to their village. Poor people brought him food. The rich sneaked up on the mountain to catch a glimpse of him.

But Edith, who could not move a step, who lay there powerless and near death, she who had so much time for meditation, what did she do? What thoughts were passing through her brain night and day? Oh, Peter Nord! Must she not always see before her eyes the man who loved her, who was about to lose his reason for her sake, who really and actually was staying on the graveyard waiting for her coffin!

This, indeed, put the steel spring in her nature to a test! It was fresh nourishment for her imagination. It was new excitement for her benumbed feelings. To think of what he should do when she got up there! To think of what he should do if she did not get up there as a corpse!

They talked about this in the whole village. They talked about this and nothing else. As the cities of antiquity had loved their pillar saints, so the little village loved poor Peter Nord. But no man would enter the graveyard and speak to him. He began to look more and more wild. The gloom of insanity clasped him tighter and tighter in its uncanny embrace. "Why does she not hurry up and get well?" they said about Edith. "It would be an outrage, if she should die."

Edith was almost angry. She who was so tired of living, should she now again be forced to take upon herself the heavy burden of life? At any rate she made an honest effort. The work of restoration and patching up went on with irresistible force within her during these weeks. And there was no lack of building material. Immense quantities of everything that supplies vitality were consumed, no matter by what name it might be known: malt extract or cod liver oil, fresh air or sunshine, dreams of love.

And how lovely were the long, warm, rain-free days!

At last the doctor gave them permission to carry her up there. The whole village was in anxious expectation when she undertook the task. Would she return with a mad man? Could her presence efface the misery of these weeks from his brain? Would the effort she had made to begin life anew be in vain? And if so what then would become of her?

When she started, pale from excitement, but nevertheless full of hope, there was cause enough for worry. No one could help noticing that Peter Nord occupied too large a place in her imagination. She was the most ardent worshipper of this wonderful saint. All barriers between them had vanished when she heard what he was suffering for her. But what would become of her dreams when she saw him face to face? There is nothing romantic about a lunatic. They carried her up to the entrance of the graveyard. There she left her porters and strolled forward along the wide center path. Her eyes scanned the whole green ground, wandering from mound to mound, but she saw no one. All of a sudden she heard a slight rustle away in a fir jungle, and saw a wild distorted face staring at her. Never had she seen terror so plainly stamped on a face. It frightened her almost to death. She came pretty near fleeing.

But then a deep, holy emotion kindled her heart. No talk about dreams and love any more! Nothing but fear that a fellow being, one of the poor creatures, who in her company traveled through this valley of sorrows, would be lost!

The girl stayed. She did not retrace a single step, but let him gradually become used to seeing her. She concentrated all the energy she possessed in her eyes. She let the full force of the will-power that had conquered disease within her own body play on the man over there, and attracted him irresistibly to herself.

He emerged from his den, pale, bewildered, unkempt. He advanced towards her with terror painted in every feature. He looked as if charmed by a wild beast, coming to tear him to pieces. When he came close to her she laid both her hands on his shoulders and looked smiling into his face.

"Listen, Peter Nord, what is the matter with you? You must get away from here! What do you mean by staying so long here on the graveyard, Peter Nord?"

He shivered and collapsed. But she felt that she was controlling him by her eyes, while her words seemed to make no impression on him whatever.

She changed the tone of her voice somewhat. "Hear what I say, Peter Nord! I am not dead! I am not going to die! I have recovered my health to come up here and save you."

He remained dull and terror stricken. Again there was a change in her voice. "You have not given me death," she said more and more tenderly, "you have given me life."

She repeated this sentence time and again. And at last her voice began to tremble from emotion, became stifled by tears. But he understood nothing of what she said.

"Peter Nord, I love you so dearly, so deeply," she exclaimed.

He remained indifferent.

Now she knew not what to try with him. There was nothing else to do then but to take him with her down to the village, and let time and care do their work.

But no matter what dreams she carried with her up here, and what she had expected from this meeting with the man who loved her, she now felt that she had given it all up and must treat him as a lunatic. This thought filled her heart with pain, as if she was about to renounce life's most precious gift. And in this bitterness of self-sacrifice and regret she hugged him to her bosom and impressed a kiss upon his forehead.

Was it a faint sign of life she saw flickering over his features? That dull and absent-minded expression had left his eyes. His face quivered. His whole frame shook violently. She observed him with increasing anxiety. He awoke, but to what? At last he began to cry.

She led him with her to a tombstone, seated herself on it, got him down in front of her and placed his head in her lap. She sat stroking him, while he was crying.

Something analogous to what happens to one who awakens from a bad dream now took place within him. "Why do I cry?" he asked of himself. "Oh, I know I dreamed such an awful dream. But it is not true. She lives. I have not murdered her. How foolish to cry on account of a dream."

And gradually everything cleared up before him; but his tears continued to flow. She sat stroking him, while his tears still were streaming down his cheeks.

"It is such a relief for me to cry," he said.

Then he looked up smiling. "Is it Easter yet?" he asked.

"What do you mean now?"

"Can't it be called Easter, when the dead rise?" he continued. Then, as if they had been intimate friends for many years, he began to tell her about Mrs. Fast, and his revolt against her rule.

"It is Easter now, and her rule is ended," she said.

But the thought of Edith sitting there stroking him made him cry again. The tears relieved him. Tears were needed to melt away all the distrust, which life's misfortunes had engendered in the little country boy's heart. The doubt whether love and joy, beauty and valor were still blossoming on earth, the distrust of himself, all had to go, it all disappeared, for it was Easter; the dead lived and never more should Mrs. Fast rule.

SUNSET.

The sun is setting—not in colours gay,
But pure as when he blazed with noon-day heat;
The upland path is gold before my feet,
Save where long, dancing, poplar-shadows play,
Or arching lindens cast a broader grey:
This radiant hour, when peace and passion meet,
Stirs with tumultous breezes, freshly smeet,
The odorous languor of an August day.

Above is peace; below is gleeful strife;
Aflame with sunshine, battling with the wind,
The trees rejoice in plentitude of life;
A sea of light is sleeping in the west,
Untroubled light, o'erflowing heart and mind
With that empyreal rapture, which is rest.

—*Constance C. W. Naden.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER.

Sunday is always a quiet day at Tower Hill, and August 4 was no exception to the rule. Said a newcomer: "What are we going to do today?" "Keep the Sabbath," was the reply. But no one presumes to say how this shall be done; each according to the personal need—books, friends, or communion with nature. The strength of these wonderful pine-clad hills, the "peace of the green pastures and still waters" are free for all who are receptive, and so the purpose of the Sabbath is fulfilled. The vesper service is always good to us. After the singing of several hymns, Mr. Jones read a touching Welsh dialect story, "The Heretic's Wife," written by Jeanette Marks. It was a vivid picture of the rugged strength of the Welsh nature when aroused by persecution, and it also showed the Welsh capacity for tenderness. Only one familiar with the Welsh tongue could have read it so effectively. As the reading ceased, all joined in singing, "Nearer My God to Thee." Then Mr. Jones voiced the unspoken emotion of our hearts in an earnest, uplifting prayer. It was an impressive hour. We felt that we had worshiped.

It has been a pleasure to have with us this week Miss Charlotte Gannet, the daughter of William C. Gannet of Rochester, N. Y., a beloved hymn writer and preacher of repute.

Monday evening the last of the three series of lectures on Dickens was given by Mr. Jones. "Charles Dickens the Democrat—a Tale of Two Cities" was the subject of this most interesting paper. The writer calls this "a novel of incident rather than of thought," yet it does let us into the thoughtful side of the French Revolution. It is also a study in political economy written in parables. It has in it not only historical and philosophical resources; but it is full of religious wealth to those who study for it. The fifty or more characters were divided into groups, some of them were rascals, miserables, and pathetic women. Of the women, he said: "Although Dickens is primarily the interpreter of love, it must be frankly confessed that he has given us few women that satisfy our conception of exalted womanhood and balanced motherhood. There are plenty of women with strong characteristics; few with balanced characters."

Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings were devoted to Browning's "Pippa Passes." Assigning of characters to different readers added much to the interest of the listeners. Continuity of thought was not destroyed by close analysis—just sufficient explanation to make clear the setting.

The Nature Study Class, under the gentle and able teaching of Miss Bertha M. Howe, has been profitable and fascinating. This week ferns and trees have been considered in our walks and talks. We were quite ashamed of our ignorance concerning these two common ornaments of the home and lawn, and when we were able to know three or four of the twenty kinds of ferns found on Tower Hill, our self-complacency was very noticeable. Someone has said that to teach reverence, a child's sense of awe and wonder must be developed. Judging from the exclamations of surprise, wonder, and admiration from Miss Howe's class, one could not but think that nature study was the right avenue to reverence. The extreme care which nature has taken to reproduce herself in animal and plant seemed marvelous, and that every form of life should be preyed upon by some other. Nowhere, from lowest insect to highest mammal is the struggle for existence eliminated. I wish more children could have nature study under as favorable conditions as at Tower Hill.

And now I come to the class in the religions of the elder world, the second year in the seven-year course. Here my pen falters. I can give dates, I can give facts and subjects, but I cannot give that which we have absorbed from these lessons—the sense of the unity of the race and of the divine purpose running through all the ages. This last week of the summer school has been spent on the religion of China as taught by Loa-tze, the Emerson of China; on Confucious, the Franklin of China; a politician who had the unique experience of being dismissed and recalled; and on Mencius, the Jefferson of China, he of the great mother. We were led to think of Socrates as the Greek Jesus, who like Jesus came from the common people; who like Jesus taught without a pulpit; and who like him had a beloved disciple —Plato; who like Jesus died for his principles.

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